

Mal. Ioue knows I loue, but who, Lips do not moue, no man must know. No man must know. What follows? The numbers alter d: No man must know. If this should be thee *Maluolio*?

To. Marrie hang thee brotke,

Mal. I may command where I adore, but silence like a Lucrese's knife:

With bloodlesse stroke my heart doth gore, *M.O.A.I.* doth sway my life.

Fa. A fustian riddle.

To. Excellent Wench, say I.

Mal. *M.O.A.I.* doth sway my life. Nay but first let me see, let me see, let me see.

Fab. What dith a poyson has she dress him?

To. And with what wing the stallion checkes at it?

Mal. I may command where I adore: Why shee may command me: I serue her, she is my Ladie. Why this is euident to any formall capacite. There is no obstruction in this, and the end: What should that Alphabetical position portend, if I could make that resemble something in me? Softly, *M.O.A.I.*

To. O I, make vp that, he is now at a cold sent.

Fab. Sowter will cry vpon't for all this, though it bee as ranke as a Fox.

Mal. *M. Maluolio*, *M.* why that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say he would worke it out, the Curre is excellent at faults.

Mal. *M.* But then there is no consonancy in the sequell that suffers vnder probation: *A.* should follow, but *O.* does.

Fa. And *O.* shall end, I hope.

To. I, or I le cudgell him, and make him cry *O.*

Mal. And then *I.* comes behind.

Fa. I, and you had any eye behinde you, you might see more detraction at your heeles, then Fortunes before you.

Mal. *M.O.A.I.* This simulation is not as the former: and yet to crush this a little, it would bow to mee, for euery one of these Letters are in my name. Soft, here folowes prose: If this fall into thy hand, *reuelue*. In my stars I am about thee, but be not afraid of greatnesse: Some are become great, some atcheeuues greatnesse, and some haue greatnesse thrust vpon em. Thy fates open theyr hands, let thy blood and spirit embrace them, and to inuere thy selfe to what thou art like to be: cast thy humble slough, and appeare fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, furly with seruants: Let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thy selfe into the trickes of singularity. Shee thus aduises thee, that sighes for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee euer crosse garter'd: I say remember, goe too, thou art made if thou desir'st to be so: If not, let me see thee a steeward still, the fellow of seruants, and not woorthie to touch Fortunes fingers. Farewell, Shee that would alter seruices with thee, the fortunate vnhappy daylight and champion discouers not more: This is open, I will bee proud, I will reade politticke Authours, I will baffle Sir *Toby*, I will wash off grosse acquaintance, I will be point deuile, the very man. I do not now foole my selfe, to let imagination iade mee; for euery reason excites to this, that my Lady loues me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, shee did praise my legges being crosse-garter'd, and in this she manifests her selfe to my loue, & with a kinde of injunction driues mee to these habites of her liking. I thanke my starres, I am happy: I will bee strange, Rouse, in yellow stockings, and crosse Garter'd,

euery with the swiftnesse of putting on. Ioue, and my starres be praised. Heere is yet a postscript. *Thou canst not choose but know who I am.* If thou enter'st my loue, let it appeare in thy smiling, thy smiles become thee well. Therefore in my presence still smile, deere my sweete, I prethee. Ioue I thanke thee, I will smile, I will do euery thing that thou wilt haue me.

Fab. I will not giue my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

To. I could marry this wench for this deuice.

An. So could I too.

To. And aske no other dowry with her, but such another iest.

Enter Maria.

An. Nor I neither.

Fab. Heere comes my noble gull catcher.

To. Wilt thou fet thy foote o'my necke.

An. Or o'mine either?

To. Shall I play my freedome at tray-trip, and become thy bondslave?

An. Faith, or I either?

To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dreame, that when the image of it leaues him, he must run mad.

Ma. Nay but say true, do's it worke vpon him?

To. Like Aqua vite with a Midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruites of the sport, mark his first approach before my Lady: hee will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhorres, and crosse garter'd, a fashion shee detests: and hee will smile vpon her, which will now be so vnseateable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholly, as shee is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt: if you will see it follow me.

To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent diueller of wit.

And. He make one too.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus secundus

Actus Tertius, Scena prima.

Enter Viola and Clowne.

Viola. Saue thee Friend and thy Musick: dost thou liue by thy Tabor?

Clow. No sir, I liue by the Church.

Viola. Art thou a Churchman?

Clow. No such matter sir, I do liue by the Church: For, I do liue at my house, and my house dooth stand by the Church.

Viola. So thou maist say the Kings lyes by a begger, if a begger dwell neer him: or the Church stands by thy Tabor, if thy Tabor stand by the Church.

Clow. You haue said sir: To see this age: A sentence is but a cheu'rill gloue to a good witte, how quickly the wrong side may be turn'd outward.

Viola. Nay that's certaine: they that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clow. I would therefore my sister had had no name Sir.

Viola. Why man?

Clow. Why sir, her names a word, and to dally with that word, might make my sister wanton: But indeede, words are very Rascals, since bonds disgrac'd them.

Viola. Thy reason man?

Clow.

Clow. Troth sir, I can yeeld you none without wordes, and wordes are growne so false, I am loath to proue, reason with them.

Viola. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and canst fit for nothing.

Clow. Not so sir, I do care for something: but in my conscience sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing sir, I would it would make you inuisible.

Viola. Art not thou the Lady *Olivia*'s foole?

Clow. No indeed sir, the Lady *Olivia* has no folly, shee will keepe no foole sir, till she be married, and fooles are as like husbands, as Pilchers are to Herrings, the Husbands the bigger, I am indeede not her foole, but hir corrupter of wordes.

Viola. I saw thee late at the Count *Orsino*'s.

Clow. Foolery sir, does walke about the Orbe like the Sun, it shines euery where. I would be sorry sir, but the Poole should be as oft with your Master, as with my Mistress: I thinke I saw your wifedome there.

Viola. Nay, and thou passe vpon me, I'll no more with thee: Hold there's expences for thee.

Clow. Now Ioue in his next commodity of hayre, send thee a beard.

Viola. By my troth I'll tell thee, I am almost sicke for one, though I would not haue it grow on my chinne. Is thy Lady within?

Clow. Would not a paire of these haue bred sir?

Viola. Yes being kept together, and put to vse.

Clow. I would play Lord *Pandarus* of *Phrygia* sir, to bring a *Cressida* to this *Troilus*.

Viola. I vnderstand you sir, tis well begg'd.

Clow. The matter I hope is not great sir; begging, but a begger: *Cressida* was a begger. My Lady is within sir. I will conser to them whence you come, who you are, and what you would are out of my welkin, I might say Element, but the word is ouer-worne.

Viola. This fellow is wise enough to play the foole, And to do that well, craues a kinde of wit: He must obserue their mood on whom he iests, The quality of persons, and the time:

And like the Haggard, checke at euery Feather That comes before his eye. This is a practice, As full of labour as a Wife-mans Art:

For folly that he wisely shewes, is sir; But wisemens folly false, quite taint their wit.

Enter Sir Toby and Andrew.

To. Saue you Gentleman.

Viola. And you sir.

And. *Dieu vous guard Monsieur.*

Viola. Et vous ouste vostre seruiture.

An. I hope sir, you are, and I am yours.

To. Will you incounter the house, my Neece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Viola. I am bound to your Neece sir, I meane she is the list of my voyage.

To. Taste your legges sir, put them to motion.

Viola. My legges do better vnderstand me sir, then I vnderstand what you meane by bidding me taste my legges.

To. I meane to go sir, to enter.

Viola. I will answer you with gate and entrance, but we are preuented.

Enter Olivia, and Gentlewoman.

Most excellent accomplish'd Lady, the heauens raine Odours on you.

And. That youth's a rare Courtier, raine odours, wel.

Viola. My matter hath no voice Lady, but to your owne

most pregnant and vouchsafed eare.

And. Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed: Ile get 'em all three already.

Ol. Let the Garden doore be shut, and leaue mee to my hearing. Giue me your hand sir.

Viola. My dutie Madam, and most humble seruice!

Ol. What is your name?

Viola. *Cesario* is your seruants name, faire Princeesse.

Ol. My seruant sir? 'Twas neuer merry world,

Since lowly feigning was call'd complement:

y'are seruant to the Count *Orsino* youth.

Viola. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours: your seruants seruant, is your seruant Madam.

Ol. For him, I thinke not on him: for his thoughts, Would they were blankes, rather then fill'd with me.

Viola. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts On his behalfe.

Ol. O by your leave I pray you.

I bad you neuer speake againe of him;

But would you vndertake another suite

I had rather heare you, to sollicit that,

Then Musicke from the spheares.

Viola. Deere Lady.

Ol. Giue me leave, beseech you: I did send,

After the last enchantment you did heare,

A Ring in chace of you. So did I abuse

My selfe, my seruant, and I feare me you:

Vnder your hard construction must I sit,

To force that on you in a shamefull cunning

Which you knew none of yours: What might you think?

Haue you not set mine Honor at the stake,

And baited it with all th'vnmuzled thoughts

That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiuing

Enough is shewne, a Cipresse, not a bosome,

Hides my heart: so let me heare you speake.

Viola. I pittie you.

Ol. That's a degree to loue.

Viola. No not a grize: for tis a vulgar prooffe

That verie oft we pittie enemies.

Ol. Why then me thinks 'tis time to smile agen:

O world, how apt the poore are to be proud?

If one should be a prey, how much the better

To fall before the Lion, then the Wolfe?

Clocke strikes.

The clocke vpbraides me with the waste of time:

Be not afraid good youth, I will not haue you,

And yet when wit and youth is come to haruest,

your wife is like to reape a proper man:

There lies your way, due West.

Viola. Then Westward hoe:

Grace and good disposition attend your Ladyship:

you'l nothing Madam to my Lord, by me:

Ol. Stay: I prethee tell me what thou thinkst of me?

Viola. That you do thinke you are not what you are.

Ol. If I thinke so, I thinke the same of you.

Viola. Then thinke you right: I am not what I am.

Ol. I would you were, as I would haue you be.

Viola. Would it be better Madam, then I am?

I wish it might, for now I am your foole.

Ol. O what a deale of scorne, lookes beautifull?

In the contempt and anger of his lip,

A murderous guilt shewes not it selfe more soone,

Then loue that would seeme hid: Loues night, is noone.

Cesario, by the Roses of the Spring,

By maid-hood, honor, truth, and euery thing,

I loue thee so, that maugre all thy pride,

Z

Nor